The GIRL and the BILL

By BANNISTER MERWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given in change a five dollar bill with: "Remember the person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the lady in the black car, and learns that in Tom and Bessie Wallingham they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity.

Senor Poritol of South America and Senor Alcatrante, minister from the same country, and some Japs try to get possession of the bill. Two of the latter overpower Orme and effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another.

Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She also wants the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. A second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Orme and the "Girl" start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme fells Maku and the other Jap escapes. Orme finds in Maku's pocket a folded slip of paper. He takes the girl, whose name is still unknown to him, to the home of a friend in Evanston. Returning to the university grounds Orme gets in conversation with a guard at the life-saving station. They hear a motor boat in trouble in the darkness on the lake. They find the crippled boat. In it are the Jap with the papers and "Girl." She jumps into Orme's boat; but the Jap eludes pursuit. Orme finds on the paper he took from Maku the address, "341 N. Parker street." He goes there and finds Arima, teacher of jiu-jitsu, is on the third floor. He calls on Alia, clairvoyant, on the fourth floor, descends by the fire-escape and conceals himself under a table in Arima's room. Alcatrante, Poritol and the Jap minister enter. Orme finds the papers in a drawer, under the table and substitutes mining prospectuses for them. He learns that the papers are of international importance with a time limit for signatures of that night midnight. The substitution is discovered. The girl appears and leaves again after being told that the American has the papers. Orme attempts to get away, is discovered and set upon by Arima and Maku. He eludes them and is hidden in a closet by the clairvoyant. Orme escapes during a seance given by Alia. On the sidewalk he encounters Alcatrante. Orme goes to find Tom Wallingham. Alcatrante hangs on and tries to get the papers. During the excitement caused by one of Alcatrante's tricks to delay Orme, the latter sees the girl and follows her back to Wallingham's office. He and the girl are locked in a giant specimen refrigerator by Alcatrante.

They confess their love and when they had almost abandoned hope of escape Orme breaks the thermometer coils and attracts the attention of a late-going clerk. They are liberated.

Alcatrante is on watch. They get away in a hired motor car to Evanston. The chauffeur turns out to be Maku. He runs them to a quiet spot where they meet another motor. Orme pretends to conceal the papers under the seat, but drops them in the road. Orme fights Arima, Maku and two other Japs.

A policeman intervenes. The girl drives away in one car with what Orme deceives her into thinking are the real papers. Arima finds the real papers, eludes the policeman and drives away in another car. Orme, unnoticed, climbs in behind, throttles the Jap, recovers the stolen papers and goes to Arradale. Bessie Wallingham introduces him to the club members and the Japanese minister.

The latter accuses Orme of theft. Bessie vouches for him and they leave for the home of "Girl," where he places the papers in her hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Saved Situation.

He waited impatiently for her return. Bessie, he knew, might be in one of the rooms just across the hall, but, though Bessie was a trump, he did not go to look for her. The girl might come back at any moment—and he did not wish to miss one instant of her presence.

Again he considered the miracle of her appearance in his life, and he rejoiced that, from the first, he had been able to be of service to her. Those loving, trusting words that she had just spoken—how they glowed in his heart! She had known that he would succeed! He could only think that the secret telegraphy of his love had sent her messages of confidence.

And yet he did not even know her name. The house was just such a one as he might have imagined to be her home—beautiful, with the air of a longer family tradition than is commonly found in the middle west—unobtrusive but complete. And the furnishings of the room in which he was standing were in quiet but perfect taste.

On a table near him lay a book. Mechanically he picked it up.

It opened at the fly leaf. Something was written there—her name, perhaps.

He closed the cover without reading the inscription, conscious only of a line of writing in a feminine hand that might be her's or another's. No, he could wait. The name did not matter. She was his, and that was enough.

Near the book lay an empty envelope, addressed to—he averted his eyes.

He found himself wondering whether Poritol was still kneeling in the field, and whether Maku was still running, and whether the Japanese minister was still telling charming stories on the porch at Arradale.

And presently, when she came again, her face radiant, and said softly, "You have done a great thing, my dear"—when she said that, he could only look and look and thank heaven for his blessedness.

"Where were the papers when you fooled me into leaving you?" she asked.

"Arima had them. It's quite a story, girl, dear."

"Then, wait a little while," she interrupted; "we have permission to see the papers signed."

She led him through the adjoining room and to the curtained doorway of a library—long, alcoved, shelved with books, and furnished with heavy leather chairs. In the center was a large table of polished mahogany, upon which rested a reading lamp.

The glow of this lamp illuminated the forms and faces of a group of serious faced men—two seated, the others standing. In the golden light, with the dim background of shelves, surmounted here and there by a vase or a classic bust, the group impressed Orme like a stately painting—a tableau distinguished by solemn dignity.

"We are to remain here and keep very quiet," whispered the girl.

Orme nodded. His eyes were fixed on the face of a man who sat at the table, a pen poised in his hand. Those strong, straight features—the eyes, with their look of sympathetic comprehension, so like the girl's—the lips, eloquent in their calmness—surely this was her father. But Orme's heart beat faster, for the face of this man, framed in its wavy hair, was familiar.

Where had he seen this man? That they had never met, he felt certain, unless, indeed, they had shaken hands in a casual and forgotten introduction.

Or was he led into a feeling of recognition by the undoubted resemblance of father to daughter? No, it could not be that; and yet this man, or his picture—ah! The recognition came to Orme in a flash.

This was the magnetic face that was now so often appearing in the press—the face of the great, the revered, the able statesman upon whom rested so great a part of the burden of the country's welfare. No wonder that Orme recognized it, for it was the face of the secretary of state! And the girl was his daughter.

Orme was amazed to think how he had failed to piece the facts together. The rumors of important international negotiations; the sudden but not serious illness of the secretary; his temporary retirement from Washington to Chicago, to be near his favorite physician—for weeks the papers had been full of these incidents.

When South Americans and Japanese combined to hinder the signing of mysterious papers, he should have realized that the matter was not of private, but of public importance. But the true significance of the events into which he had been drawn had escaped his logical mind. It had never occurred to him that such a series of plots, frequent though they might be in continental Europe, could ever be attempted in a country like the United States. And then, he had actually thought of little besides the girl and her needs.

He glanced at her now, but her gaze was fixed on the scene before them. The brightness of her eyes and her quickened breathing told him how intense was her interest.

Across the table from the secretary of state sat a younger man. His breast glittered with decorations, and his bearing and appearance had all the stiffness of the high-born Teuton.

Of the men who stood behind the two seated figures, some were young, some were old, but all were weighted with the gravity of a great moment. Orme inferred that they were secretaries and attaches.

And now pens scratched on paper. The secretary of state and the German ambassador—for Orme knew that it must be he—were signing documents, apparently in duplicate, for they exchanged papers after signing and repeated the action. So these were the papers which at the last hour Orme had restored; and this was the scene which his action had made possible—all for the sake of a girl.

And when the last pen-stroke had been completed and the seated men raised their eyes and looked at each other—looked at each other with the responsible glance of men who have made history—at that moment the girl whispered to Orme: "Come," and silently he followed her back to the room in which he had first awaited her.

"Oh, Girl," he whispered, as she turned and faced him, "Oh, Girl, I am so glad!"

She smiled. "Please wait for a moment."

When she had disappeared he repictured the scene they had just witnessed. With all its absence of pomp, it had left with him an impression that could never be effaced.

Again the girl appeared in the doorway, and leaning on her arm was her father. Orme stepped forward. The secretary smiled and extended his hand.

"Mr. Orme," he said, "we owe you much. My daughter has told me something of your experiences. You may be sure that I had no notion, when this affair began, that she would have to envelop herself and others in so much mystery, but now that all has ended well, I can only be thankful." He seated himself. "You will excuse me; I am not quite strong yet, though, as I might say, very convalescent."

The girl was leaning on the back of her father's chair. "Tell father the story, won't you, please?" she asked.

So Orme quickly narrated the series of events that began with his stroll along State street the afternoon of the day before. "It doesn't sound true, does it?" he concluded.

"But the marked five-dollar bill will always be evidence of its truth," said the girl; and then, with a suggestion of adorable shyness, "We must go and redeem that bill sometime."

"Tell Father the Story, Won't You, Please?" She Asked.

The secretary was pondering. He had listened with manifest interest, interrupting now and then with questions that helped to bring out salient points. At the report of the conversation between Alcatrante and the Japanese concerning the commissions on ships, he had leaned forward with especial attention. And now, after a few moments of thought, he said:

"The Japanese minister we can handle. As for Alcatrante, I must see to it that he is recalled—and Poritol."

"Poor little Mr. Poritol!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you think he is still kneeling in that field?"

"Possibly," said Orme, smiling. "We will look to see when we go to redeem the bill."

"I think, Mr. Orme," said the secretary, "that I may fairly give you a little clearer insight into the importance of the papers which you rescued for us. You have seen stories of the rumors of negotiations with some foreign power?"

"Yes," said Orme.

"But, perhaps you have not known of the secret but aggressive policy which Japan has lately adopted toward us. The exchange of friendly notes a few years ago might as well not have occurred. If we had done nothing to check the tendencies in the Pacific, we should have been at war within another year. Only a complete understanding and definite agreement with some strong nation could prevent hostilities. The Anglo-Japanese alliance eliminated Great Britain as a possible ally. There were reasons why it seemed inadvisable to turn to France, for an arrangement there would involve the recognition of Russian interests. Therefore, we sought an alliance with Germany.

"The German ambassador and myself drafted a treaty last month, with the proviso that it must be signed within a certain period which, as you know, will expire within a few minutes. My illness followed, and with it the necessity of coming to our home, here. I had expected to return to Washington last week, but as Doctor Allison forbade me to travel for a while longer, I had the drafts of the treaty sent on, and urged the German ambassador to pay me a long-deferred visit. He and his suite have been here several days, in mufti.

"Now, Mr. Orme, this treaty concerns two important relations—a just balance of power in the Pacific and a just arrangement by which the countries of South America can be made to live up to their obligations. I cannot go into details, and it will be some months before the treaty will be made public—but Japan must not dominate our Pacific trade routes, and the Monroe doctrine must be applied in such a manner that it will not shelter evil doers. You understand now why Alcatrante and the Japanese minister were working together."

"It is quite clear," said Orme. "I don't wish you to tell me any more than is advisable, but the Japanese minister said that, if the new treaty should lapse, the German government would not renew it."

"Very true," said the secretary. "The German ambassador is pleased with the treaty. After it had been drafted, however, and after his home government had agreed to the terms, Japan brought pressure to bear in Germany. The result of this Japanese effort—which contained a counter proposition for the isolation of Russia—was that the German government weakened—not to the point of disavowing the arrangement with us, but in the event of a redrafting of the treaty, to the adoption of a less favorable basis of negotiations, or, possibly, even to the interposition of such obstacles as would make a treaty impossible. You can see how essential these papers were to us. There was not time to provide new copies, for the lost drafts carried certain seals and necessary signatures which could not be duplicated on short notice."

"Did the German ambassador know of the loss?" Orme was encouraged to ask questions by the secretary's obvious desire to explain as fully as he could.

"No one knew of it, Mr. Orme, excepting my daughter and myself—that is, no one besides the South Americans and the Japanese. It seemed wise to say nothing. There were no secret sevice men at hand, and even if there had been, I doubt if they would have acted as efficiently as you have acted. The police, I know, would have bungled, and, above all else, publicity had to be avoided.

"As things have turned out, I am glad that Poritol set his burglar on us when he did; otherwise Maku would have got the treaty at the last moment. Alcatrante's desire to secure a diplomatic advantage over the Japanese was really the saving of us."

The secretary paused. His face lighted up with a rare smile. "Above everything else, Mr. Orme, I thank you."

He arose and rang for a servant.

"And now," he continued, "I know you will excuse me if I return to my guests. My daughter will bring you in presently, so that we may have the pleasure of making you acquainted with them. And, of course, you will remain with us till tomorrow." He smiled again and went slowly from the room on the arm of the servant.

Orme turned to the girl. Her face was rosy and her eyes were fixed on the arm of her chair.

"Girl, dear," he said, "I can hardly believe that it is all true."

She did not answer, and while he gazed at her, surprised at her silence, failing to understand her sudden embarrassment, Bessie Wallingham appeared in the doorway and stood hesitant.

"Am I still not wanted?" said Bessie, roguery in her voice. "Sure, ye'll find me a faithful servant. I minds me own business and asks no questions."

The girl rushed over to her friend.

"Oh, Bessie," she cried, with a little laugh—"Oh, Bessie, won't you please come in and—and—"

Orme began to understand. "And wait for us a little longer," he broke in.

Masterfully he led the girl out through the doorway to the hall.

Bessie Wallingham looked after their retreating figures. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed.

(THE END.)

Measure of Time.

"Say," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels ter swop?"

"I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other.

"Is it a long story?"

"Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two messages."—Catholic Standard and Times.

TARIFF NOT NEEDED

HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT FIGURES IN PULP PRODUCTION.

Arguments of "Standpat" Statesmen Clearly Refuted—Few Industries of the United States in Real Need of Protection.

The report of the tariff board on the comparative cost of producing pulp and print paper in this country and Canada shows very clearly that we need no tariff at all on these products for the purpose of protecting our labor, since the labor cost is about the same in Canada as in this country. In mills in which the cost of production is lowest there is practically no difference in total cost. The figures on print paper, for instance, are $25.38 a ton in this country, as against $25.17 in Canada. The labor cost in Canada is the higher. There is a considerable difference as against us in the mills in which the cost of production is highest. And the effect is to make an average cost that is greater in this country than in Canada. But labor cost has little or nothing to do with it. Where Canada produces more cheaply it is because of her greater command over raw material, an advantage which, under reciprocity, she will share with us. The average labor cost of producing print paper is precisely the same in both countries. We lose almost exclusively on raw materials. Our average labor cost is lower for sulphite pulp, slightly higher for wood pulp, and the same as that of Canada on print paper.

Surely we should all be able to see how useful may be the reports of a tariff commission. Here we have a clear demonstration that we need no tariff on these products. There is no necessity for protecting labor, which stands even shouldered with Canada. As for the other differences in cost all that is needed to level them is a freer access to stores of raw material. On such a showing as this it would be difficult for even the most determined standpat statesmen to convince the people that any protection was needed by these industries. Another thing is made clear, and that is that in many cases the cost of production is much higher than it ought to be. The difference is not in wages, at least not entirely. The great discrepancies can be explained only on the theory that the mills are old and out-of-date, or badly located—perhaps both. And the question is as to how far we should go in protecting industries whose cost of production is high only because they do not keep up with the march of progress.

We know that extreme protection does tend to check the modernization of plants. As long as men can make money with old machinery, as, of course, they can if protection is sufficiently high, there is no reason why they should put in new. Men learn in time to rely on the government rather than on their own energy and resourcefulness. All that the paper and pulp men seem to need is cheaper and more abundant raw material, and a really progressive management. Reciprocity will do much to help them. With that it is not probable that there will be any considerable difference in the costs of production in the two countries. The facts as given in this report of the tariff board are pretty good ammunition for the tariff revisers. Their official character, and the fact that they were compiled by a board appointed by a Republican president give them a significance that can hardly be missed. A careful inquiry by any honest, fairminded and capable men, no matter what their tariff theories, could not fail to show that mighty little protection is needed by any industry in the United States.

A Wise Decision.

Democratic members of the ways and means committee of the new house of representatives are said to have reached a decision to attempt no general revision of the tariff at the coming special session of congress. This action will prove reassuring to the country at large. Threat of a general revision of the tariff would be bound to act injuriously upon the development of business.

This should not mean, however, that the iniquities of the present tariff law will be retained indefinitely. But they should be dealt with one at a time, upon the basis of exact information gathered by reliable experts. Action of this character should not prove harmful to legitimate business interests.

Idle Talk.

Reciprocity with Cuba has ruined none of us, though there were those who loudly cried that it would. Why should we listen to the revival in connection with reciprocity with Canada of that same old bugaboo talk?—Providence Tribune.

President Taft says he found "much to rejoice him" in the recent session of congress. But he didn't go into details.

When Death Comes to Venice.

When anyone dies in Venice there is posted up on his house and upon the neighboring houses, by way of information, a printed placard, giving the name, the age, the birthplace, the cause of death and a certificate that the dead received the sacraments that he died like a good Christian; and asking the faithful to pray for him.—Theophile Gautier, "Travels in Italy."

"I feel better than I have felt for two years," Mr. Ballinger keeps saying. So does the country.

Right in Fashion.

"I hear you have a new baby at your house."

"Well, you hear right, old man. Let's go in here and see the man with the white apron."

"Pretty?"

"Well, she's the latest shade, Helen pink."

Of Contraries.

"Odd, isn't it?"

"What's odd?"

"That after people have warm they speak coldly."

MISSOURI NEWS

Methodist Delegates Named.

Montgomery City.—Elder H. L. Davis of Mexico presided at the Methodist conference which named the following delegates to the Mexico district conference at Moberly in April: Dr. George E. Muench, H. C. Turner; alternates, J. B. Harmon, George Britt. Dr. Davis preached a sermon on "Methodism," in which he said there were 8,000,000 adherents to this faith in the world, divided into eighteen different branches. He predicted a union of all the branches within 25 years.

Students Are Sowing Oats.

Columbia.—Farm work has started in earnest at the experiment station of the University of Missouri. Oats are being sown. The preparation of the ground is much more thorough than usually practiced by the farmer, and the results obtained during the last few weeks have more than compensated for the extra work, according to Professor F. H. Demaree.

Take Texas Orchard Land.

Fulton.—P. J. Keller transferred the Palace Hotel building in Fulton, three pieces of residence property in Decatur, Ill., two building lots in Terre Haute, Ind., and 102 town lots in Jenks, Ok., to the Cherokee Orchard company of Morrill, Tex., and took in exchange a 1,000-acre tract of land near Morril. The property involved in the deal is value at $125,000.

New Immigration Board Watched.

Springfield.—South Missouri is deeply interested in the first move the new state immigration board will take in the matter of outlining the future work of that institution. The old commission had a remarkable list of achievements to its credit. During the last two years hundreds of new settlers have been located in the Ozark country.

Twenty Nearly Suffocated.

Springfield.—Twenty men asleep in the Young Men's Christian Association building were nearly suffocated before being rescued by firemen, when fire destroyed the structure. The men were not awakened until escape by the stairway had been cut off. They were carried down ladders.

$50 Scholarship for Best Corn.

Columbia.—The Santa Fe railroad has notified F. B. Mumford, dean of the College of Agriculture at the University of Missouri, that it will give a cash scholarship worth $50 for the best ten ears of corn grown in each of the 12 counties through which it passes.

Second Regiment Officers Confer.

Joplin.—The officers of the Second regiment, N. G. M., conferred in Joplin. A prolonged discussion was held on the condition of the regiment and its ability to take the field. The Second is declared to be stronger than ever before in its history.

Phelps' Rate Measure Condemned.

Springfield.—Declaring that the Phelps rate bill is unjust and will prove detrimental to the business interests of the state, the Springfield club adopted a resolution condemning the measure and calling upon Governor Hadley to veto it.

Gantt Not to Drop Contest.

Jefferson City.—Judge Gantt denied that he is contemplating the dismissal of his contest against Judge Brown of the Missouri supreme court to accept an appointment on the new supreme court commission created by the legislature.

Baby Jack Sets Cost Record.

Sedalia.—A world's record price for a baby jack, less than four months old, was set in Sedalia when S. P. Huff of Lamonte made a sale to L. M. Monsees of the Limestone Valley Stock farm, near Smithton, for $500.

Keeps Vow, Dies Unshaven.

Macon.—Benton Robertson, 70 years old, died here, having kept a vow made 15 years ago that he would not suffer his hair or beard to be cut until a Democrat was elected president.

Platte County Land $150 an Acre.

Platte City.—J. H. Fleshman sold to Middleton Payne 185 acres of land, one mile east of Platte City for $150 an acre. This is the highest price paid in years for Platte county land.

Kahoka Has 1,758 Persons.

Washington, D. C.—According to Census Director Durand, the population of Kahoka, Mo., in 1910, was 1,758, compared with 1,818 in 1900, a decrease of 60.

Missouri Bank Levy Reduced.

Jefferson City.—The state board of equalization voted to reduce the assessment upon banks from 55 to 50 cents on the dollar.

Missourian Wins Lombard Prize.

Galesburg, Ill.—At the Lombard college prize contest in oratory held here the first prize was awarded Wellington C. Holmes of Unionville, Mo., whose subject was Leo Tolstoi.

Killed in Trestle Fall.

Chillicothe.—Attorney J. Miller received a message informing him of the death of his brother, Attorney F. S. Miller, at Red Bluff, Cal. Attorney Miller left Chillicothe two weeks ago with a car load of mules for western California.

Kansas Hero Buried at Higbee.

Higbee.—John Jopling, general superintendent of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas mines at Mineral, Kas., who lost his life while leading a rescue party following an explosion, was buried here with the honors of the Masonic order.

Westminster College Completed.

Fulton.—Construction work on the new main building of Westminster college is completed. The electric light, steam-heating and plumbing fixtures have not been contracted for.

BOTH HAD KNOWN HAPPINESS

But the Circumstances Were Not Exactly Alike, That Was All the Difference.

They were riding into town in a subway train, these two married men, says the New York Times. One seemed occupied with his own thoughts, the other was engrossed in his copy of the Evening Piffle, from which he eventually glanced with a superior smile. "I always read what Betsy Bumstuff has to say in her 'Twilight Twaddle' column," he said. "She generally hits us off pretty well, but she isn't always right. Now, this evening, she gets on the subject of elopements. She says elopements never turn out happily. I don't agree with her." "Neither do I," said the man who had been occupied with his own thoughts. "I am glad to hear you say it," exclaimed the Evening Piffleite. "I eloped with my wife, and I've been happy ever since." "So have I ever since some fellow eloped with mine," remarked the other. "Betsy Bumstuff is away off!"

ONE OF THE EARLY BIRDS.

Mrs. Joskins—That last leg of mutton was beastly tough.

Mr. Trimmins—You surprise me, mum. Why, it was quite a young lamb.

Mrs. Joskins—Um. Must have kept late hours, then!

A Dramatic Critic.

"And what is your father's business, my little man?" asked Rev. Fourthly, as he made his morning call on the infant class.

"He's a dam-at-it kick-it," said the little chap, whose father wrote dramatic criticism for a newspaper.—Harper's Weekly.

The vacant room at the top is due to the fact that there is no elevator service to help the lazy man.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

Ideas as to Adulteration

How Different Ages Change Opinions —Hops Once Considered as Harmful as Ale.

"Different ages have different ideas as to what constitutes adulteration," says a writer. "Most people nowadays regard the hop as a staple ingredient of beer, but in the seventeenth century the city of London petitioned parliament against its use in brewing, describing it as a 'wicked weed, which spoils the drink and endangers the lives of the people.' John Evelyn was a strong supporter of the anti-hop crusade. Hops, he declared, had 'transmuted our ale into beer and doubtless much altered our constitutions.' He allowed that their use improved the flavor of the liquor, but 'repaid the pleasure' with 'tormenting diseases and short life.' He appealed to all loyal Englishmen to drink cider until this dangerous "drogue" was banished from the breweries. It was the ancients who above all delighted to 'fill up the glasses with treacle and ink and anything else that is pleasant to drink.' In order to prevent acidity, heighten the flavor or increase the durability of inferior kinds of wine, they put into the casks such seasonings as sea water, turpentine, pitch, tar, resin, vegetable ashes, gypsum, lime, almonds, parched salt, goats' milk, cedar cones, gall nuts and blazing pine torches—not to mention poisonous salts of lead. They were fond of mixing perfumed oils with their wine before they drank it. Even in the Homeric age it was considered that wine was improved by having goat milk cheese grated over it and being sprinkled with flour."

Daily Thought.

Youth is invariably present in the old age of a great man. He never completely loses life's first elixir.—Prof. Harris Bickford.